



MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

No 67





Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money making work!

I won NEW POPULARITY for WINNING at all SPORTS!

Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Seen after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, Jim! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon YOU'll be as big and strong as I am."

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a weak to the strongest of the street. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like YOU?



Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST! YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-53

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
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JOEY DAVIES OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
100 YEARS OLD AND STILL A WINNER
Dear George, Please mail me the 100 Year Old's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses. I don't need a mighty chest. I live in front of a mirror and I don't need a mighty leg. I live in front of a mirror. Now I become a mighty man. (Satisfaction Guaranteed) FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING, C.O.D. \$1

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IN THIS ISSUE....

Rocky Lane

ROCKY LANE,
SECRET MARSHAL,
FIGHTS FOR LAW
AND ORDER IN
ACTION-PACKED
WESTERN THRILLERS.

A THRILLING SAGA OF
THE WEST FILLED WITH
FAST MOVING ACTION
IN THIS STORY OF
"REVENGE"



ROCKY LANE'S LIFE IS IN
GREAT DANGER, AND ONLY
FATE CAN PREDICT THE
OUTCOME OF HIS ADVENTURES
IN "REVENGE"



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC HOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LAURE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX BITTER ★ THE SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DOON WINDLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Rocky Lane

in the
REVENGE

CHAPTER ONE - OUTLAW RUSE

BAM

SOCK

WHEN A MAN WHOSE DAYS ARE NUMBERED DECIDES ON HIS STRANGE MACABRE REVENGE, ROCKY LANE FINDS HIS LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER!

DEEP IN THE HILLS, A GAUNT MAN ONLY LEAVES A HIDEAWAY!

RECKON I'LL--(COUGH-COUGH)--SIT TO TOWN BY--(COUGH)--THE AFTERNOON MAIL--(COUGH)!

I--(COUGH-COUGH)--AIN'T GOT MUCH--TIME--(COUGH)--LEFT!

MANY HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN OF RIVEREDGE--

POST OFFICE

WHOA, BOY--(COUGH)! HERE WE ARE--(COUGH-COUGH)--THE POST OFFICE!





AND LATER, AT THE POST OFFICE---

SO HE MAILED SOME LETTERS, EH, CLEM?

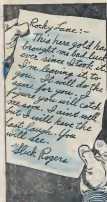
YEP! DON'T RECALL HOW MANY, BUT THEY'RE GONE WITH THE LAST MAIL! BUT THIS ONE AND THIS PACKAGE STAYED---THEY'RE ADDRESSED TO YOU, MARSHAL!



AND WHEN ROCKY OPENS THE PACKAGE---

LEARN! LIZARDS!... GOLD!

SPOLEN GOLD, CLEM! BUT WHY SHOULD ROGERS SEND IT TO ME? MAYBE THIS LETTER WILL TELL! I'LL READ IT AND SEE IF HIS CONSCIENCE WAS BOTHERING HIM!



Rocky Lane:--
This here gold has brought me bad luck ever since I took it. I'm leaving it to you. It will do the same for you. I figure you will catch me soon. I ain't will but I will have the last laugh. You will see.
Slick Rogers

A MIGHTY GDD LETTER, CLEM, BUT I RECKON IT'S THE LAST DEFIANT GESTURE OF A DYING DESPERADO! I'LL TAKE THE GOLD TO THE OFFICE NOW!



I'LL COUNT THIS GOLD AND KEEP IT AT THE OFFICE! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHICH OF ROGERS' VICTIMS IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO! MEANWHILE, WIRE THE CHIEF MARSHAL IN DANSON THAT I HAVE IT!

RIGHT, ROCKY!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN ANOTHER COUNTY, A BEARDED MAN READS HIS MAIL!



DEAR RED, I'M A SICK MAN AND WILL NOT LIVE LONG. THE GOLD WE FELL OUT OVER IS AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE AT RIVEREDGE. I CAN'T TAKE IT WITH ME SO YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT... SLICK.

THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, EH? I'LL GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY! MESSIE SLICK WROTE THE OTHERS, TOO!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN TWO OTHER HIDE-
AWAYS, TWO MORE MEN RECEIVE LETTERS!

THE MURDERER OFFICE
IN RIVEREDGE, EH? I
GOTTA GIT THAR FIRST!

I ALWAYS KNEW I'D GIT
THAT GOLD SOMEDAY!

AND MOMENTS LATER, TWO RIDERS GALLOP OFF...



ONE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT, AND
IN RIVEREDGE, ROCKY LANE
PREPARES TO RETIRE.

HA--(YAWN)--TIRED TONIGHT!
ALL DAY I'VE BEEN FIGURING
HOW TO DIVIDE THAT GOLD
FAIRLY AMONG ROGERS'
VICTIMS!



I'LL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP AND WORK ON IT
AGAIN IN THE MORNING!



BUT LATER, AS ROCKY SLEEPS...

THERE HE IS --
ASLEEP! THE GOLD
MUST BE IN THE
SAFE!



WHAT'S THAT...? WHO'S
THERE?

HE HEARD
ME! I'LL HAVE
TO MOVE
FAST!



THIS'LL KEEP YUH
QUIET!

BOOH!



AND WHEN ROCKY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---

OH, MY HEAD'S STILL RINGING! THE SAFE'S BEEN JAMMED OPEN! THE GOLD IS GONE!

SCRAPE

SOMEONE ELSE IS BREAKING IN! BUT I'LL HAD THIS RANNEY!

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, YOU SNEAKING VARMINT!

WAA...!!





RED GOT HERE BEFORE
TEK AND TOOK THE
GOLD! BUT HE WON'T
KEEP IT! I KNOW
HIS HIDE-OUT!
I'LL GET HIM
THERE!



MEANWHILE, ROCKY HAS SEARCHED
HIS PRISONER, AND ---

A LETTER --- FROM
SLICK ROGERS SAY-
ING HE SENT ME THE
GOLD! I SEE I
WASN'T THE ONLY
ONE TO WHOM HE
WROTE ABOUT THE
GOLD!



THAT EXPLAINS THE FIRST WAR-
MINT! HE OBVIOUSLY GOT A
LETTER, TOO! START WALKING!
YOUR NEXT MAILING ADDRESS
WILL BE THE COUNTY PRISON!



AND AFTER THE OUTLAW IS BEHIND
BARS ---

SO THAT'S WHAT
ROGERS' LETTER
MEANT WHEN HE
SAID HE'D HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH! HE
PLANNED IT PER-
FECTLY, KNOWING
THOSE COYOTES
WOULD COME FOR
THE GOLD WHEN
THEY GOT THEIR
LETTERS!



AND HE KNEW WHAT THIS
WOULD DO TO ME --- TO
MY CAREER! THAT GOLD
WAS DUMPED INTO MY
LAP TO PROTECT!



ROGERS ESCAPED ME ONCE
BEFORE, AND NOW, HE'S
MADE ME THE GOAT OF HIS
PLAN! IT'LL MEAN MY SADDLE
UNLESS I CAN GET THE GOLD
BACK AND THE WARMINT
WHO TOOK IT!



IF ROGERS
WERE ALIVE,
I COULD MAKE
HIM TALK!
BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE
NOW!



ROGERS SENT TWO
LETTERS, THAT I KNOW!
ONE TO TEK TANKER,
BUT WHO DID THE
OTHER GO TO?
IT COULDN'T
BEEN ANYBODY
--- ANYBODY!



CAN ROCKY
POSSIBLY UNRAVEL
THE ART OF DEFEAT?
THE HOLLOW
LAUGHTER OF AN
OUTLAW'S GRAVE
RING OUT

READ ON FOR
PART II

HEY KIDS!!

SEND FOR THE NEW

Howdy Doody

COLOR TELEVISION SET

COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS
OF COLOR FILM

only
1



MR. BLUSTER



CLARABELL



FLUB-A-DUB

Now you can have hours of fun seeing and showing your own favorite Howdy Doody program to your friends and family. Each roll of film is different — here are the titles:

1. Howdy Doody Goes to the Zoo
2. Howdy Doody at the Circus
3. Howdy Doody at the Beach
4. Howdy Doody Goes to Alaska
5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Sled Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends



DILLY DALLY

MAIL TODAY →

In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 104 different pictures of Howdy Doody and his friends! Don't wait! Mail the coupon immediately with only \$1! Your set will be sent postpaid! No C.O.D.'s! For Cashfree and for age orders — send \$1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

Jessie Company, Dept. CC 9
1472 Broadway • New York 26, N.Y.

Notes:

Here's my dollar. Send me the HOWDY DOODY Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return same for full refund.

Name

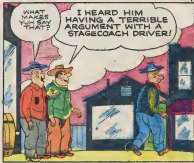
Address

City State

Canadian & foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon.

COPHER FACE

IN BIG
ARGUMENT!



EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

THE BLUE BEETLE

AMERICA'S CRUSADER
OF
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢





DEAD SHOT



TWO MORE guns let go.
Bang! Bang! Bang! Whhhhhzzzzzz!

Buzz Tricklin ducked the flying bullets and laid spurs to his cayuse. He risked a glance back. The sheriff of Necktie Rim and his deputy weren't far behind. Buzz groaned. He was an expert shot, but there wasn't any use answering fire when he had to turn on a bucking horse. It looked like the beginning of the end—the end being a cheap funeral at the expense of the county. Buzz was almost sorry he'd busted into that bank in Necktie Rim. Not for a long time had he had such a close brush with the law. But he didn't think the Sheriff had got more than a slight look at him.

More shots came whistling by.

Clunk!

The last bag of gold Buzz had taken from the bank hit the ground behind him. His horse immediately responded to the lightened load. Within minutes he drew out of range, pulled up, behind a rock and waited. There was a thunder of hoofs as the Sheriff and his deputy shot by. Buzz immediately took off in a different direction—toward Thunderstone.

He was surprised to find it a fairly large town. He hitched his cayuse to a rail outside the saloon and walked up the steps. At the entrance he paused, looking over the swinging doors, sweeping the room. No, he knew no one inside. It was a quiet crowd, mostly nesters and ranch hands.

He strode up to the bar.

Beside him, two well-dressed men were talking about money. Buzz instantly pricked up his ears. He needed money. All he had left was a fifty-cent piece.

"I don't trust those men we hired for guards," one man said. "But the bank shipment's got to get to the county capital. Too bad we haven't got Dead-Shot Burns around to keep an eye on the gold."

The other nodded vigorously.

"Only honest man I ever heard of. But Dead-Shot's up in Nevada. Never came down this way. If he did, I'd give him a job keeping an eye on our gold shipments at any price he asked!"

"Little guy, wasn't he?" The first asked. "Never saw him myself."

"I never did either, but he had a reputation. Short little feller, handle-bar moustaches. Always chewed tobacco." The second man heaved a sigh. "No use, we'll have to ship the gold anyway."

A bright light burst suddenly in Buzz Tricklin's brain. He looked covertly at himself in the bar mirror. What he saw was a short man with handlebar moustaches, tough as nails. Buzz hated chewing tobacco, but he saw a packaged container down the bar. Sliding down he bought a chew, stuffed it in his mouth and took his place again.

"Beg pardon, pardner!" Buzz said, deliberately bumping into the first man he'd heard talk. He raised his hat politely. "Buy you a drink!" He put out his hand. "My name's Dead-Shot Burns. Just got into town!"

The other and the man beside him raised their eyebrows.

"Dead-Shot Burns did you say?"

"Yep," Buzz acknowledged, chewing his tobacco with a fair imitation of enthusiasm. "Heard things were pretty bad down in Thunderstone and Necktie Rim country. Came down to see if I could help."

In two minutes he had a job.

The two bank officials—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Trapper—took Buzz right down to the bank. They explained the situation to him. All he had to do was keep an eye on the gold and on the two hired guards, convoy the gold to the county capital and see it safely deposited.

"You mean you can't trust 'em?" Buzz asked, shocked, whispering behind one hand.

"Can't trust anybody around here," Mr. Trapper replied, careful not to be overheard. "We pay our hired guards well, but I've never heard of the man yet who could carry fifty thousand in gold and not reckon his chances for running away with it." He paused and bowed. "Except you, of course, Dead Shot!"

Fifty thousand dollars! Buzz smiled inwardly. His plan was clear. Since he was keeping an eye on the shipment, all he had to do was wait until a suitable spot was reached, then go

for his hog-legs.

The shipment was taken down to the Sheriff's office, sealed up officially, witnessed and then slung in gold-packs over the saddle horn of a pack horse.

Buzz made for his own nag.

"Slap saddle, boys," he called to the two hired guards, an eye on their Winchesters. He'd have to be mighty careful to keep them from whipping the deadly rifles around at the wrong time.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Kenyon said, as the group stood outside the Sheriff's office. Two men were riding hard down the street.

The Sheriff of Thunderstone grinned.

"That's Sheriff Basby of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz Tricklin's heart gave a sudden leap. His eyes swerved from side to side. Then he remembered that Basby hadn't got more than a perfunctory glance at his face. He reckoned he was safe.

Basby came up with his deputy and explained. It seemed they'd both been chasing a bank robber all the way from Necktie Rim. Somewhere along the way they'd lost him. Had anybody seen a lobo with larceny in his eyes? Nobody had.

"Sorry to hurry you boys," Mr. Trapper said. "But you'd better be on your way. That gold has got to get where it's going, fast."

"Reckon we'll ride along," Sheriff Basby said. "Keep you company and be extra protection."

Buzz Tricklin got on his cayuse. He was feeling like the last stages of a deadly illness. All his fine plans had dissolved into thin air. Handling two bank guards was tough enough, but with a Sheriff and a deputy thrown in, he couldn't see his way clear to get that fifty thousand in gold. For an instant he was tempted to really play at being Dead Shot Burns for a couple of weeks and earn some honest money. But he shuddered at the thought.

The convoy rode out of town. Buzz kept his eyes on the Sheriff who rode in front of him. Sheriff Basby, he concluded, was a wary character who had an itchy trigger finger for badmen. The same went for the deputy who rode behind, with the two bank guards and the pack horse. Buzz kept his mouth shut and thought how hard it was for a bank robber who only wanted a chance to earn a little dishonest money.

About five miles from the county capital they entered a narrow gorge. Buzz sat disconsolately on his cayuse as the convoy rattled through. When they got to the other side, they

had to ride through a stand of thick pine. Suddenly he heard a hoarse shout and a thud of hoofs.

"They got my gun!" Basby's deputy yelled. "They got the pack horse! Stop 'em!"

So the bank guards had been crooked! Buzz wasn't excited at the thought. Then the Sheriff looked back and yelled.

"Gun 'em down!"

Buzz looked at the Sheriff sourly. After all, why should he get mad at a couple of fellow-operators. Vaguely he even wished them good luck. Then, just as they passed him, thundering by, one of them side-swiped his head with a gun butt. Buzz saw stars for an instant. After that he saw red.

The Sheriff was firing, but too slowly. With the pack horse in tow, the two renegade guards were getting away, high, wide and handsome. Coolly, Buzz drew and fired. He fired only four times. Two hundred yards away, the fleeing men drew up and stopped. Men can't ride horses when both arms have bullets in them!

"Good shootin'!" the Sheriff commented, as, with the two renegade guards attended to and tied upon their horses, they proceeded again toward their destination. "What did you say your name was?"

"Dead Shot Burns," Buzz remarked. He was figuring how, with the odds cut down he could grab the money.

Then he looked up into the muzzle of Sheriff Basby's guns. Basby's deputy rode up behind him and silently lifted his hog-legs out of their holsters.

"You got me wrong, Basby!" Buzz began, his spine icy.

"No I haven't," Basby said. "If you're Dead-Shot Burns, I'm a cottonwood tree!"

"I just proved I was, didn't I?" Buzz asked desperately. "Knocked off those two hombres at two hundred yards, didn't I?"

"**D**EAD-Shot Burns couldn't hit the side of a mountain at fifty paces with a gun," the Sheriff said grimly. "He got that nickname just for a joke. What he was really known for was his honesty. You look a little like Dead Shot, but when I saw you shoot those owl hoots I knew you couldn't be." Basby leaned closer. "But come to think of it, pardner, I've seen you somewhere—this afternoon, for instance, high-tallin' it out of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz sighed. He could see the bars in his cell already!

THE END

Rocky Lane

"REVENGE"

CHAPTER TWO "DANGER MAPS THE HEAL"

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START! ROGERS MAY HAVE SENT ANY HOOGLUM ONE OF THOSE LETTERS SAYING HE'D LEFT THE GOLD WITH ME!

FROM OUT OF THE GRAVE THE DEAD OUTLAW'S VENSEFUL PLOT COMES TRUE! ROCKY LANE IS FACED WITH THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF FINDING WHO THE DEAD MAN SENT TO STEAL THE GOLD HE LEFT WITH ROCKY!

OR HE MAY HAVE SENT A HUNDRED! THE POSTMAN SAID HE DOESN'T REMEMBER HOW MANY ROGERS MAILED WHEN HE SENT MINE!

BUT WAIT---I DO KNOW HE SENT TWO, ONE TO THE VAMPIRE WHO DRY-GULCHED ME AND TOOK THE GOLD, THE OTHER TO TEX TANKER! AND TANKER WAS ONE OF ROGERS' OLD GANG BEFORE THEY BROKE UP!



I'LL GO SEE DOCTOR FORREST! HE MADE THE FINAL MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF ROGERS! MAYBE I'LL FIND A LEAD AMONG ROGERS' BELONGINGS!



FEW MINUTES LATER--
GLAD YOU STOPPED BY, MARSHAL! I WAS JUST FINISHING MY REPORT! ROGERS DIED OF A LONG CONDITION--NO COMPLICATIONS!

THANKS, DOC, BUT I CAME TO ASK WHAT YOU FOUND WHEN YOU WENT THROUGH ROGERS' PERSONAL EFFECTS!



THESE ARE HIS THINGS, ROCKY! NOTHING MUCH, EXCEPT PERHAPS THIS LITTLE BLACK ADDRESS BOOK!

ADDRESS BOOK...?



HERE--IT'S EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THOSE THREE NAMES WRITTEN IN IT! SEE...?

WWW!



ADDRESSES
Red Cowet
Little Creek Hill
Fox Tanker
Ridge Rock
Sypp Falls
Brook Hill



THIS MIGHT BE IT, DOC! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE WHERE I'VE A MAP OF THE COUNTY!

GOOD LUCK, MARSHAL!



AND BACK AT THE OFFICE...

I THINK I'M GETTING TO SOMETHING!

ROGERS MUST HAVE SENT THREE LETTERS, ONE TO TEX TANKER, WHOM I'VE ALREADY NABBED! IT'S ONE OF THE OTHER TWO WHO HAS THE GOLD!



BY THE ADDRESSES IN THIS BOOK, ROGERS' THREE LETTERS WENT TO THESE PLACES! ALL THREE ARE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE HILL COUNTRY. ALL LETTERS WERE MAILED AT ONCE, SO THEY ALL REACHED THEIR DESTINATIONS AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME!



FIGURING ALL THREE VARMINTS LEFT THEIR HIDE-OUTS AT THE SAME TIME, NONE OF THEM COULD REACH MY OFFICE HERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL!



BUT THE VARMINT USING THE NEAREST WOULD NATURALLY GET HERE FIRST, AND BY MY RULER THAT MAKES IT--RED CORVET! SO HE'S THE ONE WITH THE GOLD NOW!



I'M HEADING FOR LITTLE CREEK HILL AND RED CORVET!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'VE A NIGHT OF HARD RIDING AHEAD! WE OUGHT TO REACH LITTLE CREEK HILL ABOUT NOON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE THIRD COYOTE IN ROGERS' BOOK--GYP FALLS, BUT I RECKON I'LL MEET UP WITH HIM SOON ENOUGH!

RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT,
ROCKY REACHES HIS DESTINATION!

EASY DOES IT,
BLACK JACK!
THIS IS LITTLE
CREEK HILL!

RED CORVET'S
PLACE SHOULD
BE RIGHT
CLOSE!

WHA, BLACK JACK!
SNAKE JUST AHEAD,
FROM A CABIN, I'D
SAW! I'LL GO
AFOOT FROM
HERE!

THERE IT IS---AND
CORVET'S GOT COM-
PANY, IT SEEMS! THAT
ONE HORSE HAIN'T
BEEN HERE TOO LONG!
HE'S STILL SWEATED
FROM HARD
RIDING!

CAREFULLY, ROCKY CREEPS TO THE LITTLE CABIN!

WHAT IF SUCK ROGERS DID
SEND US ALL LETTERS THE
LEFT IT UP TO THE BEST
OF US TO GIT THE GOLD!

I SAY HE MEANT
FER US TO SHARE
IT, AND YOU'RE
GONNA SHARE IT
WITH ME!

I GOT THERE JUST
AFTER TEX! I SAW
ROCKY LANE HAS HIM!
THAT MAKES IT JUST
A TWO-WAY SPLIT---
YOU AND ME!

STOP WASTIN' YORE
BREATH, GYP! I'VE
GOT THE GOLD AND
I'M KEEPIN' IT! WITH
SUCK DEAD, NOBODY'S
GONNA FIND OUT WHO
HAS IT!

BUT SUDDENLY-----

NEITHER OF YOU IS
KEEPING IT! YOU'RE
BOTH GOING TO JAIL
PRONTO!

IT'S ROCKY
LANE!







ROPING 'N' RIDING With



HONKY, PARTNERS,

IF I'M WEARING A SMILE BIGGER THAN USUAL THIS MONTH, IT'S BECAUSE I SAW BILL HOWARD TODAY. HE'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND FEELS FIT AS A PICKLE AGAIN. AND EVEN BETTER THAN THAT, HE'S LEARNED SOMETHING HE WON'T EVER FORGET.

YOU SEE, PARTNERS, BILL HOWARD WAS ALWAYS SORT OF A TOO-SMART-FOR-HIS-OWN-GOOD HONKY. HE NEVER BELIEVED IN LISTENING TO WHAT OTHER FOLKS WARNED HIM. BILL ALWAYS SAID HE WASN'T AFRAID OF ANY HORSE THAT LIVED. THERE WASN'T A HORSE HE COULDN'T HANDLE IN 24-HOUR TIME. WELL, NOW, ANY SENSIBLE COWBOY KNOWS THAT A HORSE DOESN'T USUALLY TAKE TO A STRANGER RIGHT AWAY. HE'S GOT TO GET TO KNOW YOU FIRST. YOU'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM, LET HIM GIVE YOU A GOOD LOOKING OVER AND THEN MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM. AFTER THAT, WHY IT'S USUALLY ALL RIGHT.

BUT BILL HOWARD NEVER BELIEVED IN THAT. WHEN HE SAW A HORSE HE LIKED, HE'D GO RIGHT OVER—SLAP HIS NECK OR WITHERS, SOME-TIMES SWING RIGHT UP ON THE SADDLE. SURE, I TOLD HIM MANY TIMES, MYSELF, NOT TO DO THAT. BUT HE KEPT ON DOING IT, TELL THAT GUY, CY FRITCH HAD BROUGHT HIS NEW HORSE INTO THE STABLES AND BILL WENT IN TO SEE HIM. CY SAID STAY AWAY TILL HE GETS TO KNOW YOU, BUT BILL DIDN'T LISTEN. HE WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE HORSE WITH A ROUGH AND READY AIR. NEXT THING WE KNEW THAT HORSE HAD REARED UP AND AWAY FROM BILL. BUT BILL STILL CAME AT HIM, AND THEN THE HORSE GOT ANGRY. HE TRAMPLED BILL HOWARD PRETTY HARD BEFORE WE COULD PULL BILL FROM THE STABLE. IT WASN'T THE HORSE THAT WAS TO BLAME. HE WAS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYTHING. IT WAS BILL'S OWN FOOLISHNESS.

I'VE SEEN THE SAME THING WITH SOME FOLKS WALKING ALONG THE STREET. THEY SEE A PERFECTLY STRANGE DOG AND RUSH RIGHT UP TO HIM. IF THEY KEEP DOING THAT, THEY'LL MEET THE SAME FATE BILL HOWARD DID. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO RUSH UP TO ANY ANIMAL WITHOUT FIRST LETTING HIM GET TO KNOW YOU AND MAKE FRIENDS.

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ON NOW, PARTNERS. THANKS AGAIN FOR ALL THOSE GRINNY LETTERS. BLACK JACK AND I SURE DO APPRECIATE THEM. TALK NEXT MONTH, THEN, IT'S SO LONG AND GOOD BYE!

YOUR PALE,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK 



DEE DICKENS

IN

THE LAST GULP









GOOD FORMULA

HOWDY, CHAMBERS, I WONDER IF YUH CAN GIVE ME SOME ADVICE? I'VE BEEN INVITED TO TALK AT A TOWN HALL MEETING!

WELL, WHAT DO YUH WANT TO KNOW?



WHAT IS THE FORMULA FOR A GOOD SPEECH?

OH, I CAN TELL YUH THAT--



...HAVE A GOOD BEGINNING AND A GOOD ENDING, AND KEEP THEM CLOSE TOGETHER!



QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAP ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE QUIZMASTER! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD, 3 CORRECT, GOOD, 2 CORRECT, FAIR, 1 CORRECT, POOR.

1. MINNESOTA IS KNOWN AS THE STATE OF 10,000 LAKES.

☐ True ☐ False



2. A MAUSOLEUM IS AN ORNATE TOMB.

☐ True ☐ False



3. THE SNAKE RIVER CANYON—YOU BETTER BELIEVE—AND OREGON IS DEEPER THAN THE GRAND CANYON.

4. WOODROW WILSON FOLLOWED THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False



5. THE MAUSOLEUM WAS NAMED AFTER MUS-SOLINI.

☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS: 1. TRUE 2. TRUE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE 5. FALSE
HOW'D THAT WAS PRESIDENT AFTER PRESIDENT? H. TRUB
5. FALSE 1. WAS NAMED FOR KING MAUSOLEUS

FOLLOW THE FUN WITH

FUNNY ANIMALS

COMIC MAGAZINE



NEW AND FUNNIER CHARACTERS!

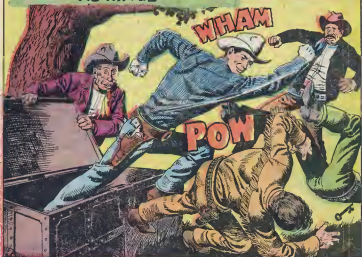
and a
BARREL OF LAUGHS
ON EACH
HILARIOUS PAGE!

10¢ BUY A COPY ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

Rocky Lane

"REVENGE"

IT TAKES A REAL MAN--A MAN AMONG MEN--TO DELIBERATELY COURT THE DARK SHADOW OF DEATH! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE DOES, WITH HIS FAITHFUL STALLION, BLACK JACK, BY HIS SIDE AS HE BATTLES DEATH!



IN THE FRONTIER SETTLER'S TOWN OF RED DUST, THE CIVIL LEADERS GATHER!

I'M GOING TO TURN THINGS OVER TO SHERIFF MEAD NOW, FRIENDS! TAKE OVER, SHERIFF!



THANK YOU, MAYOR! AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS HERE STRONG BOX CONTAINS ALL THE CLAIMS TO THE NEW TERRITORY YOU SETTLERS HAVE JUST STAKED OUT!



THE CLAIMS INSIDE THIS BOX MUST BE RUSHED TO THE CLAIMS OFFICE IN DEXTER COUNTY! THAT IMPORTANT MISSION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MAN WHO CAN DO IT IF ANYONE CAN... MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!



I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, ROCKY! THAT DAKOTA, DAWSON AND HIS THEVIN' VARNANTS WILL BE AFTER THIS BOX!



I KNOW, SHERIFF! IF THEY GET IT THEY'LL CHANGE THE CLAIMS TO THEIR OWN NAMES AND FILE THEM!

BUT THEY WON'T, SHERIFF MEAD! THE LAND CLAIMS OF THE TOWNSFOLK WILL REACH THE CLAIMS OFFICE!

WE'RE ALL CONTING ON YOU, ROCKY!



DAWSON AND HIS GANG WON'T GET THESE CLAIMS! I'LL BE STARTING NOW, FOLKS! KEEP SMILING!

GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!



ON AFTER, ROCKY AND BLACK JACK WACE ROUGH THE HILLS WITH THE IRON BOX OF CLAIMS!

KEEP THOSE HOOPS MOVING, BLACK JACK! DAKOTA DAWSON MIGHT BE OUT TO CORRAL US AT ANY TIME!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON A RIDGE ABOVE---

THEY'S HIM, DAKOTA! I TRAILED HIM INTO THE HILLS FROM TOWN-- LIKE YUH TOLD ME TO!

I TOLD YUH HE'D COME THROUGH THE HILLS! IT'S THE FASTEST ROUTE TO DEXTER COUNTY!



THEY SURE MADE HIS SEND-OFF A BIG ONE IN TOWN, DAKOTA!

THEY'LL BE SORRY! C'MON, LET'S GIT THOSE CLAIMS!









C'MON, LET'S SEE HOW TO GET THIS CHEST OPEN! NO SHOOTIN' THE LOCK OFF!

RIGHT, DAKOTA! WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL SO'S NOT TO RUN ANY OF THE CLAIMS INSIDE!



BUT ON THE CURVING CLIFF ROAD, BLACK JACK RACED TO THE RESCUE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER!

C'MON, BLACK JACK!... C'MON! THIS RIO WILL NEVER MAKE THE NEXT CURVE.



AND AS THE RIO CARCENS TO THE SHARP CURVE WHERE DEATH REACHED OUT ITS EAGER HANDS---

--- BLACK JACK, STRETCHES HIS LONG, POWERFUL NECK FORWARD, AND ---



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK-- GOOD BOY!



THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! I RECKONED I WAS DONE FOR! BUT NOW I CAN SHRED THESE BONDS ON THE SHARP ROCKS AROUND HERE!

SOON AFTER---



IT'S WORKING! THE ROPES ARE SHREDDING!

THERE---I'M FREE! NOW I'LL GET RID OF THIS GAS, UNTIE MY ANKLES AND GIVE THOSE DRY-GULCHING COYOTES A SURPRISE!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY---



YUH'VE GOT IT, DAKOTA--THAT SHE COMES!

AT LAST!



JUMPIN' SAGEBRUSH! IT'S EMPTY!

YUH CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! WE'VE BEEN MORNINGOGGLED!



AND JUST THEN, A FAMILIAR VOICE SCREAMS FORTH:

AND YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE COMING!

WHA...? NO... IT CAN'T BE! ROCKY LANE!

IT'S NO GHOST!



GET THE CAUSE! SHOOT HIM!

YOU DON'T DRYGULCH ME THIS TIME!



BANG BANG BANG

DROP THOSE SHOOTING IRONS-- PRONTO! YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THEM IN JAIL!

OWOOO--- MY HAND!



I'LL SETTLE YORE --- UUUUHF!

THIS IS ALL YOU'LL SETTLE, DAWSON!

SOCK



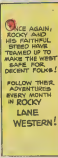
MOMENTS LATER---

YUH WIN, MARSHAL! BUT I STELL DON'T GET IT! YUH EMPTIED THE BOX SOMEWHERE, EH?

NO, DAWSON! THE CLAIMS HAVE REACHED DEXTER COUNTY BY NOW, ONLY SHERIFF MEAD'S CARRYING THEM! WE FIGURED YOU'VE AMBUSH ME, AND EVEN IF YOU KILLED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THE SETTLERS' CLAIMS!



THE SHERIFF AND I ARRANGED THE BIG BEND-OFF TO MISLEAD YOU THIEVING OUTLAWS! NOW START WALKING! BLACK JACK DESERVES THE HONOR TO LEAD YOU YARMINTS IN!



ONCE AGAIN, ROCKY AND HIS FAITHFUL BEED HAVE TEAMED UP TO MAKE THE WEST SAFE FOR DECENT FOLKS!

FOLLOW THEIR ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN ROCKY LANE WESTERN!

SAGE BRUSH

"WIDE AWAKE READER"

THAT'S BAKER READING AGAIN!
HYAR'S WHAR I HAVE SOME FUN
WITH HIM!



HOWDY, BAKER! ARE YUH
READING ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE MYSTERY
STORIES?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
SAGEBRUSH!



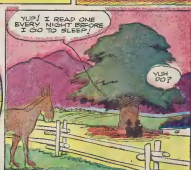
I LIKE MYSTERY
AND DETECTIVE
STORIES, TOO!

IS THAT
SO?



YUP! I READ ONE
EVERY NIGHT BEFORE
I GO TO SLEEP!

YUH
DO?



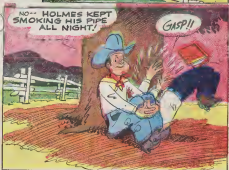
YEP! WHY ONLY LAST
NIGHT I TOOK SHERLOCK
HOLMES TO BED WITH ME
AND I
DIDN'T
SLEEP
A WINK!

WHY WAS IT
THAT SCARY?



NO-- HOLMES KEPT
SMOKING HIS PIPE
ALL NIGHT!

GASP!!



THE PUEBLOS



IN THE WESTERN PART OF AMERICA A STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS CALLED PUEBLOS EXIST. THEY LIVE IN ADOBE BUILDINGS THAT ARE MADE OF CLAY BRICKS DRIED IN THE SUN.



THE ADOBE DWELLING BUILT IN THREE AND FOUR TIERS CAN BE ENTERED BY CLIMBING LADDERS TO TERRACES AND ROOF AND THEN DESCENDING THROUGH TRAP DOORS.



THE PUEBLOS HAVE DANCES TO INVOKE ALL SORTS OF FAVORS OF THEIR GODS. THE DANCE, SOMETIMES, IS A PRAYER FOR A GOOD CROP OF COLTS OR, PERHAPS, FOR A SUCCESSFUL SEASON OF HORSE TRADING.



THE WOMAN'S WORK CONSISTS MAINLY IN GRINDING MEAL BETWEEN STONES, THE BAKING OF BREAD IN BEEHIVE-SHAPED OVENS AND THE RAISING OF THE CHILDREN.



The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



*Charles
Atlas*

—annual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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